

April 6th

Up early, and all trunks and suitcases packed by eleven o'clock. With nothing further to do, I sat down and played solitaire waiting for news from Bill as to which train he planned to take to New York. At noon he dashed in, grabbed a raincoat, and we were off for the Argentine.

New York was under a cloud. Rain poured as from a dirty bucket, and I got out an old black straw hat instead of the white velour from Paris with which I had expected to dazzle Fifth Avenue.

Mort and DeBarry had the latch string out as usual, and we curled up on their comfortable leather divans, had a drink, and started using their telephone. At six-thirty we gathered at Al Muller's (better known as "The Dutchman's") on 50th Street and had an excellent dinner. Met Beverley Kelly and Frank Braden, and were given tickets to the best box in Madison Square Garden, where we saw Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Circus until nearly midnight. The show is different in many ways this year: Gargantua still scowls from his white-barred, air-conditioned cage, but Frank Buck is not with the show; the Wallendas are gone, but Dorothy Herbert is back. The featured act is Rosello, The Man in the Moon, and toward the end of the circus he climbs up eighty feet above the ring, and, shimmering in a white satin Pierot costume, goes through the old head-balancing routine on a trapeze that swings like a crescent moon under the girders of the roof. Colored spotlights turn the moon and the man into glistening figures of rose and gold and green. It is a pretty act, and the element of suspense and excitement comes from the dizzy height at which it is performed. Rosello has a new and spectacular way of coming down from his trapeze. A handle that looks like the grip on a skipping rope slides over the rope that dangles from the moon to the earth beneath. Holding onto this, to eliminate rope burns, the performer slides swiftly down. But to-night he slid too quickly. Just as Bill and I started to say in one breath "I never saw anyone come down as fast as that", the shining satin-clad figure left the rope, with twenty feet still to go, and fell to the platform below, a motionless body, crumpled forward on his knees. He was carried out unconscious. As nearly as we could tell, he had become dizzy at the great height, and had fainted before he could get down. Next day we heard that he had fractured both wrists and one ankle.

April 7th. New York.

We spent part of the morning down on the pier arranging to have our animals stowed in the most convenient space. All the officials were unusually helpful and obliging, and seemed almost glad to have buffaloes, civet cats, prairie dogs, eagles, gila monsters, Emperor geese, and Texas wolves as passengers.

We lunched at the Dutchmans, where we joined by Mary Slavin. She insists that Ark from Asia is a good book, but needs still a bit of work put into it. I am feeling too weary to promise to do any work on board ship, but finally consent to take the manuscript

along and revise it if I can scrape up enough ambition after a few days at sea.

The afternoon was spent in the "backyard", visiting with Dick Kroner, Gargantua's keeper, who gave us a demonstration of how to handle a stubborn gorilla. If Gargantua won't go into the shifting box at feeding time, Dick borrows a large indigo snake from the lady snake-charmer, and the minute the gorilla sees the snake, he makes a wild dash for the partitioned-off portion of his cage, leaving the main part free so that the attendant can get in and do any necessary cleaning.

Dinner at Luchow's was quite a banquet. The Knights and Steels joined us, Mort and DeBarry, Gene Fenn, and Roy. Bill and I were both too tired to eat, and about nine o'clock we started down to the pier, stopping on the way to buy some can openers some beer, and a bottle of buttermilk (the last for me).

The ship was crowded with those who had come down to see their friends off. Not until our own friends had left, and we were standing at the rail waving to them, did we see the Shippens, or Dr. Gray. To our great surprise we found that Dr. Swingle was also aboard, and Sasha Siemel, the tiger man. Never have we sailed with so many friends on the passenger list.

Exactly at midnight we started sliding slowly down the North River, and a few moments later the famous skyline of lower Manhattan, brilliant with lights even at that time of night, was left behind. Frances stood at the rail and wept, overcome with emotion. But we all went to bed without the formality of a wave at the Statue of Liberty.

April 8th. At Sea.

We awoke to find wind and rain sweeping the deck, and the sea running high. Immediately after breakfast Bill and I fought our way out to the spot between decks where most of our animals are stored, and under uncomfortable conditions, staggering as the deck heaved, managed to feed and water the bewildered little Zoo.

April 9 - 11 At Sea

Things settle down, of course. We make many friends among the passengers, among them Sasha's companion, Miss Bray of Philadelphia, who is going to shoot jaguars with bow and arrow; Mr and Mrs. Burns and Mr. Brooks, all of Hawaii; Mr. Edwards Mrs. Massie and her daughter, all of Barbados.

Food is good, service excellent, the ship comfortable, and the days breezy but gradually getting warmer. One night there is a floor show, another night a movie or a bingo game. Stars get brighter, and the Southern Cross begins to lift above the late horizon.

Bill Shippen has taken over my job of assistant animal keeper, and he and my Bill work for an hour or so every morning

and a fternoon with the livestock.

April 12. Barbados.

Bill Shippen came to our cabin early this morning to report that he had been out in the animal quarters and the male buffalo had managed to turn himself around in his cage, so that feeding and watering were going to be difficult. Both Bills worked with the animals for an hour, and then we went ashore.

We had been here eight years before, but little has changed. There is a slight decrease in the amount of annoyance to which tourists are subjected by beggars and street vendors, but not much. Colored mummies call Bill "Sweetheart" and "Dear", and beg him to buy their grapefruit. We went first to the post office to send letters home, and then to the Ice House, where Bill bought bananas and papayas for his livestock. Upstairs in the Ice House is a restaurant, which has been refurnished with metal-tubing modernistic chairs and tables since our last visit. Here we sat on the verandah, drinking planters' punches, and watching the life in the streets below. Women carry incredible bundles on their heads, walking flat-footed and swaying slightly under baskets of oranges and grapefruit and tomatoes, balancing cords of firewood, or a tall metal container, like a water-cooler, with mauby, a drink, we were told, made from bitter bark and diluted with water and syrup.

We took a car over to the Aquatic Club, passing, on the way the house where George Washington stayed. Bill S., Frances and I went swimming, and sat on the beach for a five-minute sunburn - sufficient to turn me bright scarlet. The water was not as clear as when we were here before; I had promised Frances a wonderful view of marine life through the crystal water, but there was quite a swell, and the water, though perfect as to temperature, was roiled and sea-weedy.

Back to the Ice House for lunch, we ate fried flying fish, small, boneless and delicious, cou-cou (A soggy mass of cornmeal) and okra.

We did a few errands in the afternoon, bought linen handkerchiefs, bay rum, feeding pans for the animals, Scotch whisky at \$1.25 a bottle and rum at 60 cents, and drank green swizzles at the Flying Fish Club for nine cents each. Then back to the Uruguay, where diving boys clamored, not for pennies but for quarters, until the ship sailed at 5 o'clock.

April ¹⁶⁻¹⁷~~17-18~~

We crossed the Equator at noon on Sunday the 16th, but no notice was taken of it until the next afternoon, when King Neptune belatedly boarded the ship, and treated the neophytes with appropriate roughness. I have never seen such a mess as the first-crossers were dunked in. A board table near the swimming pool was smeared with spaghetti, soap suds, catsup and raw eggs, and the men were all rolled thoroughly in that, while chunks of ice and more of the ice-cold spaghetti ~~wax~~ were shoved inside their bathing trunks. Balloons full of ice water were burst over their heads, and generous lathers of egg and soap smeared in their hair and all over their faces, while worcestershire and catsup were poured down their throats. They treated the girls a little more gently, but all of them were put through the initiation blindfolded, and then led to the edge of the pool, and pushed in.

The weather has been hot and steamy, but the sea beautiful and blue. There is plenty of entertainment, movies, and dancing, and on two evenings there has been a splendid floor show put on by a group of professionals on their way to a night club in Rio.

The men take care of the animals. Frances and I are studying Spanish (she much harder than I am). I go to church every morning, walk five miles a day, read a couple of hours, study Spanish an hour. There are lots of cocktail parties, and the swimming crowd, from which I am still barred because of my rotten cold, have luncheon on deck every day.

There has never been so interesting a passenger list on any ship that I have traveled on before. Heading the list are Ambassador Caffery and his wife on their way to Rio, very dignified, not mixing much with anybody else, but pleasant enough when Bill barges in on them and insists on buying them a drink. Patricia "Honeychile" Wilder, a Hollywood starlet, is traveling with Randy Dow, a pretty Virginia girl, and her (Pat's) fiance, a wealthy Argentine horse-racer. Young Terry Burke, an insurance agent, made a pass at Pat one night, and the Argentine blacked both his eyes for him. Mrs. David Kamensten, said to be a vaudeville actress, wears the longest finger nails and eye-lashes I have ever seen on a human being. Mr. and Mrs. McClellan giggle and blush every time the orchestra plays "Here Comes the Bride." Dr. Boys and Mr. Cooper, both of Kalamazoo, are in Siemel's party and are hoping to shoot jaguars in Matto Grosso. Jo Stolfi is a fat New York policeman who is going to Buenos Aires to bring back a "moiderer" and all ws as how he might as well have a good time now, because on the way back he'll be too busy watching his prisoner. Father Powers, the priest, has been in China for six years, where he "had a little trouble with bandits," and when he got out of the hospital was sent back to the States for a year's leave from foreign service. He has an Irish brogue and a grand sense of humor.

And of course Dr. Gray and Dr. Swingle we see every day, Dr. Gray sticking methodically to his Hay diet in spite of the tempting menus, Dr. Swingle full of charm and good comradeship.

Most of the gossip on board concerns itself with Honeychile and her party, and her remarks and doings are a source of interest to us all. She fortified herself for the Equator ceremonies with ten daiquiri cocktails, and squealed like a little blond pig the whole time. Both she and Randy call every man on board "Darling", and are usually to be found in the bar - although they never get up until after lunch.

Grand Hotel never had a more mixed crowd, and a large percentage of them are nice and lots of fun.

April 20 - Rio de Janeiro

The famous harbor was under a cloud when we came in early this morning. We passed the entrance at about six o'clock, stuck our heads out the porthole, and deciding that there was to be no glory to the sunrise, went back to sleep again.

We were still drinking our coffee, and were not yet dressed, when Dusky Gillette pounded on our door. As soon as Bill had fed and cleaned the animals, we went ashore with Dusky, and in his official car headed first for the Zoo.

The Rio Zoo is a private affair, the enterprise of one Dr. Carlos Drummond Franklyn, who used to receive a small sum from the city, but now is so much on his own that he is seriously considering disbanding his collection. It really is a good-sized Zoo for a private collection. There were three tapirs, 6 jaguars, mountain lions, an African lion, a lesser harpy eagle, several species of African monkeys, a large female chimpanzee, an ant-eater, several spider monkeys, and a little Cebus that gave every indication of being able to think. Many of the problems that psychologists work out for chimpanzees are just "canja" for this monkey. A grape was tied to a string over his head, out of reach. By using a stick he set the grape swinging so that he could grasp it. To reach one piece of fruit he had to manipulate six sticks - with the smallest he could reach the next in size, and eventually reach a pole long enough to scrape the desired titbit into his cage. He would actually pick up one stick, consider its length, and discard it for one of the proper length. The director would throw a number of matches, some of them burned, some good, on the ground, and tell the monkey to pick up one, or as many as six, unused ones. He gave the Cebus a matchbox, and the animal quickly selected the good matches and scratched them on the box.

The setting for the Zoo is tropical, with thick vegetation, tall trees, and more vultures flying about or roosting overhead than I have ever seen in one place.

From the Zoo we went to the Museum, and turned over to Dr. Bertha Lutz the box of pickled frogs that Doris Cochrane had sent to her from the National Museum. Dr. Lutz turned out to be much younger than we had expected, and spoke fluent English. The Museum, which was once the palace of Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, houses a good collection of Indian material, baskets, feather ~~hats and~~ jackets and head-dresses, etc., a large geological collection, and a floor of rather moth-eaten animals.

We then went past the Gillettes' house, a very pretty place, with wide windows and a general effect of coolness and spaciousness, where we had a cocktail with Dorothy. Then we all went to the Gloria Hotel for lunch.

After lunch we called first on Dr. Vital Brazil, now a dignified old man with white hair and military mustaches, and heard him tell about his pioneer work in the making of antivenin.

From there we called on Mr. and Mrs. Nosek, great animal lovers. Mr. Nosek was the former Czech minister to Brazil, and they are truly a pathetic couple, with no job, no homeland, no concept of how they, a young couple, are to plan their lives from now on. They have let their animal collection subside, and have now only a monkey, a parrot, a few budgerigars, and a crab-eating raccoon.

The Gillettes invited us to come out to their house for cocktails at seven-thirty, and at seven we left the ship, hired a taxi and sallied forth. Our driver, who said he knew exactly where Avenida Epitacio Pessoa, Nr. 2296, was, took us on a thorough exploration of the city, and although we regretted taking quite so long to get to the house, we were really rather pleased to see the Avenida Flamengo all lit up, the beautiful beaches, the Copacabana and Atlantica Casinos, and the rest of the city. The Gillettes' house is right at the foot of the Corcovado Mountain, where, 2300 feet above the city, the great statue of Christ, 100 feet high, stands with outstretched arms. At night the Redeptor is illuminated, and even more impressive than during the day.

We found many mutual friends among the guests at the cocktail party, but the late hours in Rio are a bit wearing. The guests who had been invited for cocktails did not leave before ten o'clock. The dinner guests waited another hour before starting for the Casino de Urca, so that it actually was close to midnight before we had any dinner. This Casino, said to be the finest example of Rio's famous night life, had a spectacular curtain of diamond-shaped mirrors that folded and unfolded between acts, and two stages for the orchestras - one band would sink out of sight just as another came up, and not a beat of the music lost. Some of the floor show was very good, and the star of the evening was Carmen Miranda, a fair, blue-eyed Brazilian who has made a specialty of negro songs from Bahia, and sings with so much gusto that it is not necessary to understand a word of Portuguese to enjoy her thoroughly. Her use of her hands was exceptionally dramatic.

April 21st - Rio de Janeiro

~~Duskyxwalkedxfarxnsxbrightxandxeakxy~~

After going to bed at 2.30 this morning, it was a blow to be awakened at seven with loud calls for Dr. Mann and the news that one of wolves had escaped, was on deck, and that a sailor was "keeping an eye on him". Bill hastily pulled on his pants and made for the animal quarters. There he found our Texas wolf looking rather lost, but completely uncaged. Bill said sleepily, "Hello Boy," and the wolf gave him a friendly glance. Nearby was an empty crate, and Bill raised the door. The sailor made a step or two toward the wolf, who promptly started into the cage. Just on the doorstep he hesitated, Bill gave him a gentle kick in the rear, and the wolf hopped in and the door was dropped. In five minutes Bill was back in bed and in ten he was asleep once more.

At ten o'clock we left the ship with Dusky, and took the ferry over to Niteroi, a little town on the other side of the bay. Here we took a street-car or "Bondi" and rode through the residential district to the very end of the line, getting off at the Instituto Vital Brazil, where we met young Dr. Ruy V. Brazil, and watched the extraction of snake venom at the farm there. They had a fine big Bothrops that had never been "milked" before and put up quite a show. One interesting demonstration was that of extracting the poison from a big Bufo, which was fed to a small snake which promptly went into convulsions and died - not from swallowing the poison but merely from having it in contact with the lining of its mouth. A large *murex* was brought out to eat a *fer de lance*, and created considerable alarm by taking a good bite on itself and trying to ~~en~~ constrict around itself. Eventually it was made to let go of its own ~~skin~~ side and attacked the "falara".

Back in town, we lunched at the Alba Mar restaurant in the municipal market, eating shrimps and hearts of palm and rice while we watched the frigate birds and the airplanes diving and soaring over the harbor.

We sailed at five o'clock, and after dinner on board were glad to get to bed early for once.

April 22 - Santos - Sao Paulo

We came into the harbor before breakfast, and were met by Mr. Arthur G. Parsloe, the American Vice Consul. About ten we started off by automobile with Dr. Gray and the Shippens for Sao Paulo, fifty miles away. The first part of the drive was over a flat country road, but it was not long before we began the steep ascent of the mountain. The road winds back and forth in as steep a grade as I have ever seen, and in about half an hour we were three thousand feet up, where we stopped for a drink and to let the engine cool. A little rest house here, built two hundred years ago by Portuguese monks, has a most gorgeous view of the harbor and beaches lying so far below.

At 12.30 we came into the town of Sao Paulo, and at first thought this must be a special fiesta, but eventually realized that

these were only normal noon crowds for a city of 1,200,000 inhabitants. We called on the American Consul, and lunched at Mappin's Store, where we found a crowded tea room that reminded us very much of Woodward & Lothrop's on a matinee day!

After lunch we went out to the snake farm at Butantan, about seven miles, where we met the Director, Dr. C and his assistants, and admired the beautiful buildings and grounds of this famous Institute. Here there were many pits for reptiles, and we saw fer-de-lance venom extracted. They had a fine example of Xenodon, a snake which we also saw yesterday at Nicteroi, which flattens itself, and inflates itself with air, in a most curious fashion.

Besides snakes, there are a number of experimental animals here, rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons, and a few monkeys who are being used in the work done on yellow fever. They had a red howler and a black howler, and also a young pet tapir.

Mr. John T. Jones, who yearns to go into the animal business spent the afternoon with us, and we all had drinks at the Esplanada Hotel before we started on the long drive back to the ship. Much of the country is cultivated, and we particularly remarked on the smallness of the bana trees, which, no higher than a man's head, bore bunches of fruit. Here also is the water supply for both cities, and we passed fourteen artificial lakes, the reservoirs for a large population.

The ride down the mountain was spectacular at night, with the lights of Santos spread in a fairy network far below us, and a bright crescent moon over our shoulder.

We reached the ship at seven-thirty, had dinner and went early to bed. All night long the derricks were working, and automobiles, Fords and Chevrolets, being unloaded for this, the largest coffee-shipping port in the world.

April 22 - Santos

We spent practically all day on board ship, while Bill strove to untangle the red tape that surrounded our desire to present three gila monsters to the Butantan Institute. Customs officials and veterinary officers should have been consulted in advance, it seemed, and we ran the purser and the Consul ragged before we were finally allowed to take the lizards (nice and fat after their sea voyage) off the boat.

The Consul took us to see the bird collection of Dr. Raul Jordan Magalhaes. This gentleman owns one of the big casinos in Santos, has an estimated income of a quarter of a million dollars a year, and collects birds as a hobby. He had a cock of the rock, bellbird, numbers of toucans, penelopes, parrots, honey birds, sun bitterns, ducks, flamingoes, ibis, and many others. We hope to get some birds from him on the way back.

Sailed at six.

April 25 - Montevideo

After two days at sea, we were late getting into Montevideo, and instead of reaching it in the morning, pulled in about eight in the evening. The Dawsons (he is now Minister here) had invited us to lunch, but when we were so late we didn't know whether we would see them or not, so we had dinner on board at the usual time, and then were mortified to find that they had kept dinner waiting for us. They took us and the Shippens off in their car, and sent us for a drive around the city and out to the beach while they ate their dinner. At night, one gets only the impression of a brightly lighted, thoroughly modern city, and the miles of beaches, where the surf was pounding on the sand, were certainly tempting. The very new houses, and elaborate hotels, give the place a Florida or California look.

Both the Dawsons are very fond of Montevideo, and we had a pleasant visit with them. I think that although it is a promotion for him to have been made Ambassador to Panama, they will hate to leave this place.

April 26 - Buenos Aires

We sailed from Montevideo at nine in the morning, and spent all day long on La Plata, an ocean of mud, stretching from horizon to horizon. The day was cold, with a high wind, and the brown expanse of water was somehow infinitely dreary. Toward evening the setting sun turned it into a muddy purple. The river is so wide that no land is visible all day, and the general effect is of a seaman's limbo - unreal and depressing.

B. A. was ablaze with lights when we finally got in, and the skyline looked as skyscrapery as New York. Bill was interviewed by a dozen reporters, and Monnett Davis and Mr. Copley the Vice Consul, were both down to meet us. As soon as we could get ashore and through Customs, we went out to the Davises very lovely modern apartment, where we met, to our great surprise, Sidney and Dorothy Browne, formerly of Medan. It seemed like a real East Indian reunion, and we even got to talking Malay! Other guests were Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Henry, and as I had lost a filling out of a tooth we were pleased to find that he was an American dentist. Frances was sitting next to him at dinner, and lost a double crown in the soup, so we both knew we should be seeing him soon again! Pearl has just had her appendix out, and this was her first evening up and dressed, but she looks well, and it was grand to see her again. Tom is at boarding school, so we did not see him.

Shortly after midnight we came back to the City Hotel (16 pesos for double room and bath), and went wearily to bed. Nothing exhausts one more than the last day on board ship, when you wander restlessly about, with all the packing done, and hating to give up the leisurely life and the many friends that you make during such a long voyage.

April 27 - Buenos Aires

Frances and I spent the morning at the ~~hairdx~~ dentist's, being charmed with Dr. Henry's Irish brogue and kindly way of treating sensitive teeth, and the afternoon at the hairdresser's. Bill and I had dinner alone together, and went early to bed, he being much relieved to know that at last his cargo of animals were safely in the Zoo, and even the buffalo in good condition after all the knocking about he did.

April 28 - B. A.

Bill and I walked over to the Consulate in the morning, past the beautiful Plaza de Mayo and the Cathedral, and had a visit with Monnett Davis.

In the afternoon we went out to the Zoo, and I was much impressed with the fine collection of animals and the good condition of the park grounds. Dr. Holmburg invited us to his house for tea, where we met his wife, and several young zoological students.

In the evening we had dinner with the Shippens, Bob Craig, a Senor Quayat, and were joined later by Father Powers, who leaves tomorrow on the Uruguay.

April 29 - B. A.

very few policemen
All morning in the Zoo again - really all I see of the town is the ride from hotel to Zoo. Traffic here is terrific, with ~~no~~ ~~very few~~ lights to give pedestrians a chance to cross between the endless omnibuses and taxis. Some of the streets are very wide, and beautifully parked, such as the Avenida Alvear; and the Avenida 9 de Julio is said to be the widest street in the world - 147 meters.

In the afternoon Monnett and Tom Davis called for us and took us to the Municipal Market. Mr. Davis parked the car in a huge underground parking area, a wonderful idea in a city where traffic is what it is here. The market was very interesting, with meat and fish and cheese especially tempting, and fruits and vegetables arranged always with an eye for color and artistic effect. Suckling pigs, baby lambs that were as small as the pigs and sold for 7.50 pesos (less than \$2.00), chickens wrapped in cellophane, octopus skate and mussels, were among the most spectacular displays.

We went to the Davises for dinner, and were glad to have a meal at what we consider a decent hour - seven thirty instead of nine or ten o'clock. Came back to the hotel early, had drinks with Boyle and Stolfi, our detective friends from the ship, and went to bed.

April 30 - B. A.

I got up early, and went to Mass at San Ignacio, an old church

just across from the hotel. The rest of the morning was completely wasted, as Bill had been unable to get in touch with Dr. Marelli at La Plata, and although we had all planned to spend the day there, it was eleven o'clock before we could find out that he was not going to be there, but wanted us to come tomorrow.

After lunching sumptuously on Moules a la Provencales, we got caught up on correspondence and notes. At this moment I am typing away in our dark, chilly little room, and wishing I were out in the sunshine seeing something of the city.

May 1 - Buenos Aires

Today is Labor Day in Argentina. Our first indication of it was when we attempted to get a taxi on leaving the hotel in the morning. The doorman looked blank, then said, "Ah, you are very lucky!" as a bootleg cab drew up. We went to the Retiro Station, where we met Dr. and Mrs. Henry, Tom Davis and Dorothy Browne, and caught a train for El Tigre. The train ride, of about 45 minutes, takes one along parallel to the shore, and past endless recreation grounds - golf, tennis and bathing. El Tigre is a little town with the same name as one branch of the river. Here is the famous delta made by the Parana flowing into the Plate, a tremendous network of river and islands, each branch with its own name.

Literally thousands of launches, skiffs, rowboats and yachts were tied up in the stream, most of them covered with tarpaulin, as the height of the season is now over. We walked along in the bright sunshine, sat on a bench for a while and watched industrious rowers, and soberly-clad sight-seers going past in "Collectivos". In town a colectivo is one of the objectionable little buses that pursue pedestrians at every crossing; here on El Tigre it is a taxi-launch, each one marked with the name of the river it ascends. One can take a launch for an hour or a day, stopping at one of the numerous little refreshment stands for lunch if one desires. Many people have summer homes along the water's edge, and most of them have lovely gardens with green turf that comes right down to the water's edge, for of course this is sweet water.

We lunched at El Tigre Club, eating delicious beefsteak on the Club verandah, and then hired a little open launch and rode for about an hour up the river. Autumn coloring has turned the tamarisk trees russet and stripped the Lombardy poplars, but with palms and evergreens and bamboo all in vivid green the landscape was like nothing I had ever seen before - a strange mixture of tropics and the temperate zone.

We stopped at a little landing marked El Canario to call on Major and Mrs. Duffy. It seems the Duffys wearied of life in town, with its endless round of cocktail parties, and bought themselves a place up here. They remodeled a chicken house to live in, and although it was nothing but a corrugated tin shack, they had fixed it up very comfortably, with two floors, electricity and running water. They have, in a little over a year, cleared about twenty acres and set out orange trees, lemons, olives, and all sorts

of vegetables. Japanese persimmons were weighing down the branches of several big trees near the gate, and Dorothy and I each ate some. Cows, horses, chickens, pigs and ducks and geese added to the farm-yard scene. The Duffys are middle-aged, dark, vigorous, Irish (of course), and delightful pioneers.

Returning to B.A. and the City Hotel, we found Mr. Copley waiting to take Frances and me out to tea. We went to the home of Mrs. Siecherich, a wealthy old lady who has a sort of Monday salon. Because of its being Labor Day, and all chauffeurs on holiday, we were the only callers. She is a widow, lame, full of gossip, with a beautiful big old-fashioned house full of handsome things. Strangely enough, Frances ~~and~~ found that she knows her sister in Norfolk, and she and Mrs. S. had a grand talk about the South.

Copley took us all to Nuevo Americano for dinner (560 Suipacha) where we gorged on roast lamb and sausages.

May 2 - B. A.

Bill and I called at the Embassy in the morning, meeting Mr. Tuck, who was very friendly. At noon we went to the Consulate and picked up Mr. Davis, and we all took the subway out to the Zoo.

We had understood that Dr. Holmberg had invited us to lunch at the Zoo, but apparently there was some misunderstanding, for the Director was not to be found. However, we had an excellent lunch in the Zoo restaurant, and eventually Holmberg turned up, and had a brief visit with us.

In the late afternoon Mr. Casares, president of the Ornithological Society, and Mr. Picardo, of the nutria farm, came to tea. Casares talks very good English, and is a charming person; his hobby, besides birds, is collecting first editions of W.H. Hudson!

The Brownes had invited all five of us to dinner, and we went out to their apartment at 8.30, and ate chicken Maryland and chocolate ice cream. Dorothy got out her pictures of Sumatra after dinner, and we had a grand evening.

May 3 - B.A.

We had been warned that any excursion into the country here began at an early hour, and sure enough, when we were invited out for the day, we had to be ready to leave the hotel at 6.30. It was just beginning to be light, and, as we had anticipated, our friends were a quarter of an hour late, and they had not had breakfast, so we had to stop in the Portales and get coffee. Bill and Frances rode with Mr. Antelo, Bill, Mr. Copley and I with Mr. Picardo. For an hour we jiggled over cobblestones getting out of the city; then we had about an hour on fairly good road, then an hour on dust - literally, the road was simply a bank of dust two or three feet deep. We skidded badly once turning a corner. And the clouds that were plowed up by the wheels of the car were blinding and suffocating. When we passed anyone on the road, the dust would be

so thick that it was impossible to see one's way for the next few yards - distinctly dangerous.

We stopped in Lobos, a western-looking little town, and then proceeded to Mr. Picardo's estancia. We were really out on the pampas then, and as far as the eye could see were the flat prairies, with cattle and horses in abundance. Trees were planted wherever there were houses, but mostly the land was grass and pasture.

Picardo's place is a nutria farm, and here he has hundreds of sleek little rabbity nutrias being raised for their pelts. In pens are the breeding females, and he can keep three or four together because they have been brought up together; otherwise they would fight, nutrias being naturally pugnacious. Four or five hundred young were born last month. About twenty acres of ground are fenced in, and most of the animals are allowed to live in a natural state in this ~~wild~~ part of the farm. They are fed in certain spots, and when they want to trap them they can close in the feeding grounds and capture them easily. The pelts are lovely and soft after the long coarse hairs are plucked, and a good nutria coat costs about as much as an Alaska seal. Baby nutrias are born with eyes open and teeth sharp; they take to the water on the second day. Mother nutria has her nipples low on her back, and the babies swim along in the water taking their meal from this unusual position.

After seeing the nutrias we went to the house for lunch, and met Mrs. Roosmalen, the wife of Picardo's partner and manager of the estate. She was very charming, and I felt right at home with her when we discovered that we were both Sacred Heart pupils.

After lunch we went out in motor boats on the lagoon, which, being the only water in that part of the country, attracts wild birds from all over. We had noticed a marvelous assortment of birds from the car as we came along: owls, hawks, black ibis, kiskadee, oven birds and their round mud nests, plovers. Here were all the water birds: cascaroba geese, black-necked swans, coots, various species of ducks and geese, and big flocks of flamingoes, which as they rose displayed their rose and black and white plumage in the sun.

We came back across the pampas as the sun went down in a purple glory through the murks of dust clouds. Horsemen galloped past us on their thick saddles of fleece. The moon came up, blood red and as big as a parasol. And before we reached town again the Southern Cross was high overhead.

May 4 - B. A.

Frances, Dorothy and I had lunch together, meeting first at the Continental for cocktails, and then going to Ideal for luncheon. Our policemen had recommended it as a good place for sandwiches and a light lunch, and the food was delicious, though I took malicious delight in noting that they had called it a cafeteria when it was really a confiteria. We had jellied ham

and chicken salad and the best coffee we have had anywhere.

We went shopping afterwards, prowling through Harrod's in search of bargains, and walking along Paraguay to admire the little shops that sell exquisite handwork - lingerie and blouses.

In the evening Bill and I went to a dinner party at the Davises, where we met Dr. Marelli of La Plata, looking very big and friendly after all these years. Dr. and Mrs. Holmberg and Dr. and Mrs. Soler were also there. Nobody spoke English, and although I was lost in most of the Spanish conversation I managed to get along quite nicely with Dr. Marelli in French. We were late in getting back to the hotel, and the early hours of the morning found me packing the trunk, and getting ready for our trip to-morrow.

May 5 - Delta

We left the hotel at six o'clock by zoo automobile for El Tigre. We had thought we were merely being taken to the railroad station, and had put Dr. Gray and Bill Shippen in a taxi with the baggage. As it became apparent that we were ~~xxxxxx~~ not heading for the station, we found out we were to be driven the whole 30 kms. and had to stop and haggle with the taxi driver to take the rest of the party for a reasonable sum.

At El Tigre we found a crowd waiting for us. The four students we had met in the Zoo, young Holmberg, Lopez, Oesterheld and Gallan, as well as Senor Chiarelli of the Department of Agriculture, were already aboard the Ceres, the beautiful launch of the Minister of Agriculture. There was plenty of room for them as well as for the five of us, and we started off on a beautiful bright morning, ~~with~~ ^{along} the river lined with trees in autumn foliage. The first part of the day we passed summer homes, and wealthy suburban villas; later we came into the farming districts, where the houses ranged from mud shacks on stilts to prosperous frame or cement buildings. Of course there were long stretches without a sign of human habitation, where the river was lined with coarse reeds, and the ~~bank was lined~~ land beyond was gay with tall, silvery plumes of pampas grass, waving against a background of willow or Lombardy poplar. I have never seen so much poplar in my life. It is planted here, mile after mile of it in straight rows ~~xxxx~~, denuded now of foliage, silver pointers to the blue sky.

This is a marvelously rich farming country. The soil, enriched by regular flooding of the Parana River over the land, is black as chocolate. Citrus groves flourish, and we stopped at occasional plantations to wander along under orange, grapefruit, and lemon trees, where the crop was so heavy the branches had to be supported by poles. At one farm we met two charming old people named ~~Russovich~~ Russovich (Jugoslavs) who invited us all into the house to drink home-made cherry brandy.

One man combined citrus and nutria. He had 1400 live specimens. As he led us along the corrugated iron paddocks, each one with its generous pool of water, we saw the sleek, bewhiskered furbearers swarming like ants. He had four albinos, and some hope of

establishing a dependable strain. What a luxurious coat white nutria would make!

Mostly we sat on the deck of the launch and watched the river life about us. There are no roads or railroads in this part of the world, and for hundreds of miles all communication is by water. We saw the butcher and the baker making their regular calls. If the lady of the house was not at home, a generous hunk of beefsteak was impaled on a nail on a tree above the landing place, where she would be sure to find it on her return. Launches call for children and take them to school, just as our school buses transport our rural young ones. We even passed a floating church "Christo Rey", complete with steeple and bell, chapel and priest, and a captain-organist.

At meal times there was room for ten of us around the table in the saloon. Mr. Chiarelli sat at the head, and served us all with heaping portions of puchero, the native dish of Argentina - a sort of New England boiled dinner, using fresh beef instead of corned, and all sorts of vegetables including corn on the cob and squash. For dessert there was always fruit, membrillo (quince) paste, and an excellent native cheese. A crew of three ran ship and galley.

We saw little bird life, though once we passed a dead cow surrounded by a flock of scavenger birds, and there were plenty of orneros (oven birds) and their round mud nests - which are ~~incident~~ ~~ally~~ miniature reproductions of the round mud ovens on stilts that the country people use for baking bread.

At night time we tied up at the dock of Recreo Toledo, a very simple country hotel. Here Dr. Gray and the students passed the night. The Shippens and ourselves slept on board, there being two cabins, and slept very well except for one minor disturbance. I awoke in the pitch dark with the realization that someone was touching my chest and my stomach. As I moved suddenly, a light little bunch of fur bounded out of the open window over my head, and I realized a stray cat had been promenading over me.

May 6th - Delta

We got under way at eight o'clock, and stopped again about nine to visit another citrus grove. The owner also ran a small country store, where we invested in cigarettes, matches, and a bottle of liquor. One of his trees was an orange tree over a hundred years old, that had been planted by Jesuit missionaries. He also had the largest lemons we had seen. Lemons are scarcer than oranges here and bring a much higher price. One tree has been known to produce \$25 of fruit a year.

About eleven o'clock we stopped at Noel, a tremendous fruit orchard and canning place. The membrillo we had been enjoying on board had come from here. With two handsome spirited bays hitched to a high and handsome rig, with a gaucho driving, and six of us sitting on the three seats, we made the rounds of the estate. Here, also, the soil was so black that you knew anything would flourish in it, and we were told that that black "topsoil" went down for ten feet, rich with the silt brought down by the river at

flood time. Quinces, peaches, pears, fields of cabbage and cauliflower, tobacco, oats and alfalfa were growing in well-irrigated fields. We drove for more than an hour along one road after another, the roads paralleling the canals that were bordered with poplars and evergreens.

When we came back on board the Ceres, a typical lunch was awaiting us - boiled black sausages and potatoes, a huge platter of Italian spaghetti, another equally huge platter of boiled ribs of beef, followed by fruit, membrillo, cheese and coffee. There was nothing to do but sleep it off on deck, which I did until the wake of a passing launch threw a big wave into the exact middle of my back. The rest of the afternoon we whiled away learning Argentine songs from the boys, and teaching them Bill Shippen's song:

"I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech
And a helluvan engineer."

It was with real regret that we left the Ceres, Senor Chiarelli and the four boys at Zarate about five o'clock. Here, we had been told, we would catch the train for Rosario, and from Rosario we were to proceed to Cordoba.

After Taxi-ing to the station, we watched Bill struggling with various ticket sellers and station masters. He came back to report that the train to Rosario did not stop at Zarate, and we would have to go back to Campana, the big meat-packing town which we had just seen from the river a half hour earlier. Back to Campana we went, by train. The station master in Campana was anxious to be helpful, and let us pile our baggage in his room while we contemplated the uninspiring train schedule. It seemed that we could get no train until 10.30; that train had no sleeper; it would dump us in Rosario at 2 in the morning. There was no through connection to Cordoba. To our amazement we learned that after two days' travel we were only an hour's ride from B.A. where we could get a good train to Cordoba. It meant swallowing a little pride, for we had said good-bye to everybody in B.A., but it seemed the logical thing to do to return to headquarters. ~~Abnxx~~ We caught a train marked Retiro (the station in B.A.) and to our great surprise were ejected at Villa Ballester, where we had to catch another train for Retiro. However, we reached B.A. at 8.30, and made our way to the Continental Hotel, where we engaged light airy rooms (16 pesos for double room and bath), cleaned up, and went across the street to Maxim's for dinner. This was a German restaurant, with excellent beer (says Bill), and delicious fried pejerrey. At the adjoining table were four sailors from the American flag ship Quincy, and Bill got into conversation with them. One of them had been at the Naval Hospital Laboratory in Washington, and remembered hearing Bill's snake lecture! There are three American cruisers in port, on a "good-will tour", and we are missing a lot of festivities by not staying in B.A. for the next few days. We are invited to one party at the Embassy, and one on board the Quincy.

May 7 - B.A.

We slept late. Frances and I went to 11.30 Mass at the Cathedral, and wandered about the big church afterward, being especially interested in the chapel where San Martin is buried. A huge marble monument to him with brass plaques testifying to his many victories, and his work in liberating Argentina, Peru and Ecuador from the Spaniards, was most impressive. A guard in navy blue uniform trimmed with red, and a gleaming helmet, was standing at attention.

At 8.30 we boarded the train for Cordoba. It was European-type, with rather narrow compartments for two, but clean and comfortable. We had a good table d'hote dinner (price 3 pesos), and went early to bed.

May 8 - Cordoba

We were met at the station at 8.30 by Mr. Pereya and Mr. Bosch of the Cordoba Zoo. As soon as we were settled in the Plaza Hotel (a suite of two double rooms with bath for 20 pesos), and had had our coffee, we went out to the Zoo.

This Zoo is supported by the Province of Cordoba. Formerly they received 20,000 pesos a year for animals, but ~~now~~ the present financial arrangement is that the Province pays the employes and buys food for the animals, but any new animals have to be secured in any way possible. The entrance charge is 10 centavos.

Zoological garden and botanical garden are combines, with 70 species of native plants making a pleasant setting for the animals. Approaching the Zoo from the street, one looks down into a deep barranca, which forty years ago was a hideout for bandits! It looks from the street level like a rather narrow, dusty gully, but as one descends the steps one is constantly amazed by the way the valley extends between the eroded hills, conserving moisture so that the botanical specimens flourish. The steep cliffs make an excellent background for big cages. It almost looks as though no excavating at all was necessary for the enclosures for gnu and lion, simply a barricade across the front of a natural ~~padding~~ cage, where the back and two sides were formed by nature. There are 16 hectares in the park, and 20 employes care for the grounds and animals. There are 125 species of animals and birds. The reptile collection is limited to a half dozen snakes, including one of the dark Eunictus.

There is a large cement-faced pit for lions, and three month-old cubs are the third generation born in the Zoo. A huge flight cage for vultures and eagles contains the largest artificial (cement) tree we had ever seen. The top of the cage is visible from the street level - ballyhoo for the zoo. The collection includes nutria, capybara, puma, West African buffalo, a very tame hippopotamus (Mr. Bosch sat in its mouth, lay on its back), nilghai, vicuna, llama, guanaco, douracouli, three brown lemurs, and a pet skunk. The last was one of the small ones native to Argentina, and Mr. Bosch

took it out of its cage, tossed it in the air, put it in his pocket, even let Frances and me hold it. It has not been "fixed", but has been a pet since babyhood. A tame jabiru wandered about the grounds. A monkey island is under construction, a huge one. The island is now a big plateau of earth in the center, and is to be reinforced with concrete. A large moat surrounds the island, and in this will be fish, even our favorite pejerrey. There is an attractive elephant house ~~with an Indian~~ whose architecture suggests the Orient, and the bars are heavy cement, reinforced with iron, and shaped to suggest bamboo poles.

There are 200,000 visitors a year to the Park. The employees are paid 100 pesos a month, and are given two uniforms a year.

About noon we left the Zoo, and were taken to a new park nearby, where one gets a superb panoramic view of the city. Cordoba has 300,000 inhabitants, and 144 churches, and the view from the top of the hill where we stood is largely of spires and bell towers.

Mr. Martinez, representative of the government bureau of turismo, drove us out into the country, through the flat, dusty grazing land that so far has seemed to us to represent Argentina. We had not gone far, however, when we began to approach the Cordoba hills, and we took a winding mountain road that led us around Lake San Roque, which, with the rather barren hills rising steeply from the blue water, reminded Bill and me at once of the approach to Prapat on Lake Toba. We went as far as the Eden Hotel at La Falda, where, somewhat to our consternation, we found we were to lunch with the 350 Postal Inspectors who are convening in Argentina this month. The lunch was good, and typical. First came slices of ham stuffed with vegetable salad. Then tomato soup, filet of beef with vegetables, roast kid and salad, canned peaches, coffee, and champagne.

We took a different route home, a real mountain road, crossing the Sierras at a height of 4,000 feet with breath-taking views of the valley that stretched limitlessly off to the horizon.

Martinez took us to the Oriental for tea, a typically Spanish restaurant with marble-topped tables, where the elite of town gather from five to seven to drink tea or coffee. Our crowd heartlessly went for whisky and gin, of course, and speaking of gin, the story of Bill Shippen's attempt to buy a bottle of it by the dictionary came out. He had asked Frances the Spanish word for gin. She looked it up and found "trampa". Bill went into a shop and ordered trampa, but got nowhere, the man flatly denying that he had ever heard of such a thing. Bill could see bottles of gin on the shelf and finally got one by pointing. My Bill was asking him that afternoon where he ever got that word for gin, and all he had heard was "ginevra", and Frances showed it to him in the dictionary. Martinez was puzzled, also, and we finally looked up trampa in the Spanish-English section. It meant "trap" - which is gin in an entirely different sense!

May 9 - Cordoba

Bill and I went to the Zoo again, with Mr. Martinez, to take some photographs, and to discuss possibilities of exchanging animals with the director, Mr. Pereya. We came back through one of the pretty parks of the town, weeping willows over a creek, rose gardens, clover fields, and white-washed statues. The autumn coloring and the dry grass seem so incongruous with the present date line.

We lunched at the hotel, where Bill was much impressed with his 80 centavo (about 20 cents) beefsteak, which was delicious but three times as much as he could eat.

In the afternoon Martinez, Frances, Bill and I went to see the Historical Museum, which is an old Spanish house, formerly the residence of the Viceroy, with thick walls, heavy old doors, barred windows and charming little patios. Some of the rooms are given over to glass cases of old costumes, religious articles, harness and trappings for horses, but most of the rooms are furnished in heavy old carved furniture in the ~~style of the~~ period of the house itself. Even the oratory of the house has an altar with a sanctuary lamp burning, and in the adjoining room an ancient organ, the bellows of which is pumped by a great wooden handle. The organ still plays, though a bit out of tune.

From there we went to the Natural Science Museum, a small collection but devoted entirely to the archaeology, geology and zoology of the Province of Cordoba, nicely arranged and very instructive.

Next we called on a bird dealer. He had quite a good collection of cage birds, although it ran largely to budgerigars. In the house and in the yard were dozens of small cages, each one with gaily colored, chirping birds. In the window hung a cage full of humming birds. The lady of the house had just hung the laundry in the patio, and we had to peer behind wet sheets to see many of the specimens. Bill found it difficult to get the man to talk business, as all he wanted to do was give a lecture on the "alimentation" of birds.

Martinez took us into the theatre, a big opera house, with gilt and red velvet seats, and circles of boxes ranging four high. It is a big beautiful theatre, and here the Postal Employees had been dined last night. Workmen were busy putting back the gilt chairs and screwing them again to the floor.

Our hotel looks out over the Plaza San Martin, a typical Spanish plaza, according to Bill, with its equestrian statue, its flower bordered walks, its Cathedral, police department, hotel and ~~an~~ shops around it.

The Cathedral is impressive in a baroque, Jesuit Colonial style. Its massive dome and the two bell towers are balanced to a great sense of strength and symmetry. It was built in the latter part of the seventeenth and most of the eighteenth century (1680-1781), and contains great art treasures - a Murillo Madonna behind the

main altar, a Rafael in the sacristy, and four Velasquez on the walls of the sanctuary. The choir stalls were all carved by Indians, as were some of the heavy doors of the church, and our guide showed us the marks of the primitive hatchets that they used in doing really beautiful work. The baptismal font was brought from Spain in early Colonial times, and is a beautiful rose-colored marble with a fine carved wood dome (what is the ecclesiastical word?) that folds back on hinges to uncover the basin itself. The portico of the Cathedral has the finest grill work, great gates of iron so delicately wrought that it looks like lace, with a design representing the apostles. The grill work is especially beautiful at night, when the lights of the Cathedral porch are lighted. It looks as though you could crush it in your hand as you would a Spanish lace mantilla.

May 10 - Cordoba

Mr. Martinez called for us again, and took us in the morning to see the Palais de Justice, a magnificent structure, recently completed, ~~and full of~~ Cordoba marble inside and Cordoba granite outside. There is a lot of marble and granite in the Argentine, and it is lavishly used both here and in B.A. One building in Cordoba is faced on the outside, for some distance above the street, with a dark grey granite that glistens with particles of nickel.

As we sat around the hotel having a pre-luncheon cocktail, Martinez suggested that we drive out into the country for lunch. Accordingly we all (including the Shippens and Dr. Gray) piled into his Chevrolet, and headed for Alta Gracia, one of the better known resorts in the hills.

Alta Gracia is an old Spanish town, with a huge hostelry known as the Sierras Hotel, with its adjoining Casino. A big, airy frame building, it faces the hills, and a heavenly breeze was sending yellow fallen willow leaves rollicking along its verandahs, down its tiled corridors, and into its swimming pool. After the customary excellent beefsteak, we took a short drive around the town before heading for home. An eighteen-hole golf course has a magnificent club house and links. In the town is an old Mission church, much like our California missions and I suppose of about the same era. Outside the town is a Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, hung with rosaries and offerings of various sorts - small replicas of arms or legs cured by prayer, and several pairs of crutches leaned against the grotto wall. A small church is being ~~main~~ built near the grotto.

On our way out this morning we had asked about a tall monument that rose from the flat country, looking much like the Washington monument. Martinez said it was a "Pharo", which I knew meant light house, and we realized it was an aeroplane beacon. Still it puzzled us, as it was curiously built, and so apparently out of place on that vast plain. On our way home Martinez turned in the road that led to it, and we realized, as we got out of the car and stood under it, how towering and impressive it was, nearly 300 feet ~~of heavy~~ high of heavy cement, ~~stepped~~ gradually taper-

ing as it reached skyward in modernistic stepped-in design.

Still uncomprehending, we were led inside it, and found that it was a memorial to Myriam Stefford, the American aviatrix who crashed on this very spot three or four years ago. Lighting matches to see the way, we went down a flight of marble steps and found ourselves in a pitch-black room, lined with black marble, and off it an alcove, also of black marble, where the girl herself is buried. ~~There is a legend~~ Carved in the marble at her feet is a curse on the man who defiles this tomb, and the story is that her jewels are buried with her. Nearby is part of the broken airplane wing. This awe-inspiring memorial, this Taj Mahal of South America, was erected by her Italo-Argentine husband, in memory of her and in hope that, with its high-burning beacon, no other aviator might lose his life on this spot.

Back at the hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Farre came to tea. Farre is a young Spanish newspaper man, married to an American girl who teaches English in Cordoba.

About seven o'clock, while we were still sitting in the hotel lounge, I smelled a curiously strong smell of dust. Wondering about it, I turned to look out the window, and saw that the plaza was simply blotted out in a yellow fog of dust. Trees were bent nearly double in the wind, and people scurried along with handkerchiefs over their noses. Electric lights in the hotel went out, and the storm raged for a couple of hours. It had let up a little by the time we left to catch our train, but the air was still full of it, and we felt choked and miserable.

Farre, Bosch, Pereya and Martinez were all down at the train to see us off. They had been so friendly we really hated to say good-bye to them, especially to Martinez.

May 11 - B. A.

I was taken violently ill in the night, and had all I could do to get to the City Hotel and into bed. Bill called up Monnett who recommended their doctor, and he came to see me. The attack seemed so much like appendicitis that we were all scared, but as I stayed in bed, and had nothing but tea to drink, I began to feel better.

May 12 - 13

Spent all Friday in bed, and Saturday afternoon went out to the Davises. Dr. Brinkman has put me on much the same diet Pearl is on, and by eating very little and resting a lot I think I'll be all right.

May 14 - B. A.

Went to church in the morning and to the Zoo in the afternoon. It was interesting to see the tremendous crowds at the Zoo on Sunday. People were simply scrambling and shoving to buy the 10-centavo

tickets. It was an orderly crowd, and fairly tidy, once they got inside, and none of the animals that stroll loose around the grounds were bothered at all by the visitors. It seemed to odd to see a rhea walking down the path with the Sunday visitors, and very picturesque. Bill took a movie of an ostrich drinking out of a bubble fountain.

May 15- B.A.

Dorothy Browne had lunch with Pearl and me, and then we took a walk. Bill buzzes around town most of the day, but I stay quiet.

May 16 - B. A.

Bill spent the day at the Zoo. Dorothy, Mrs. Barnes, Frances Shippen and Mrs. Ravendal were here for lunch.

May 17 - B.A.

Dorothy and I took a long walk in the afternoon.

Bill and I went with the Davises to a cocktail party at the American Woman's Club, where there was gaucho entertainment - songs and dances. It was the first time I had seen the native costume. The women wore long calico dresses, with ribbons in their hair, the men wore rather flattened black felt hats, short jackets, white bombachas under a skirt-like black drapery, and beautiful soft white kid boots with silver spurs.

May 18 - La Plata

We drove with the Davises over to La Plata. It takes 45 minutes to get out of B.A., and about 15 to traverse the flat country between the two cities. La Plata is a new city, having been begun in the 1880's, and is the capital of the province. We got a room for the two of us at the Savoy Hotel (8 pesos with bath), and then went out to the Zoo, where we found our old friend Dr. Carlos Morelli.

The Zoo covers 26 hectares, and is a beautiful garden, with most of the trees labeled with their scientific names. The mixture of palms, evergreens, sycamores, acacias, and eucalyptus gave a semi-tropical effect, and there are many lakes and pools, each lake named after a distinguished scientist. A miniature railroad runs through the grounds, and we all had a ride on it. In the collection were many species of monkeys, including a fine Hussar, an Indian elephant, hippopotamus, ruffed lemur, two leopards, two polar bears, and a tame puma. There is a large collection of domestic animals, sheep, goats, dogs (different races labeled), cats,

chickens, rabbits, and pigeons. Among the botanical specimens we found the cactus especially interesting. One kind is known as the barbed wire cactus, and was actually used to make barricades in war, before barbed wire was ever invented.

The Shippens and Dr. Gray joined us for lunch. The Davises left late in the afternoon.

At seven o'clock Dr. Marelli met us in the hotel, and told us we ought to be out in the Plaza watching the Passear. We went out, and joined the throng of young men and girls walking slowly around and around one corner of the Plaza. The girls usually went two by two; the men were lined up along the sidewalk to watch them go by, and they certainly gave them the once-over. There was a long double line of men, between whom the girls walked without any obvious self-consciousness - Frances and I were very embarrassed. It is the marriage market of Latin countries, and gives the young people a good chance to look each other over. We were told that it is bad form to pick a girl up, but if a man likes her looks he can arrange through mutual friends for an introduction.

Dr. McDonagh, ichthyologist of the Museum, joined us after dinner, and we all went out to a little tent which we had noticed as we came into town in the morning, marked "Zoo - Circus". It was a small show, but interesting. Standard 42-foot ring, with the boxes adjacent to the ring curb. Two iron center poles, instead of the four customary in European circuses. The ground was cut in shallow terraces, instead of having the seats raised on bleachers. The troop was small, and included only one woman, who appeared solely as the hind legs of a calico zebra in a clown act. There were three property men in neat gray coats and white pants. The show gives three performances a day, the evening performance beginning at 9.45 and continuing until 11.20, with a 15-minute intermission during which the steel arena for the lion act is put up. There were two performing hyenas and seven lions.

May 19 - La Plata

Bill and I went out to the Zoo in the morning to take some more photographs. After lunch Dr. Marelli took us to his little home in the country, rather a bare little place but piled to the ceiling with books and pamphlets. We drank some of his delicious home made wine, and met his two sisters - keen-eyed middle-aged Italian women.

About three we went to the Museum, famous all over the world for the research and publications that have been done there. Dr. McDonagh went around with us, showing us the celebrated hall of paleontology, with its dozens of Glyptodon fossils, the the skin of Mylodon, found in a Patagonian cave with the hair still on it, and enough of the flesh so that blood tests were actually made at the time. Found with it were hoofs of the small horse, and sharpened bones that seem to indicate that it was contemporary with man. Bones in the cave had been split,

presumably for marrow. Scientists have argued for the last two decades as to the probable age of the skin, guessing everywhere from 400 to 4000 years. ~~Antiquary~~ drawing of a fossil lizard is on exhibition as one of the first studies made in paleontology; it was done by a Spanish monk in 1785. Dr. Carlos Bruch, the famous entomologist, was responsible for the insect exhibition, and the manner in which he arranged ant nests was particularly interesting and illuminating.

We left La Plata at 6.30, and were back in B.A., at the Continental Hotel (16 pesos) in time to have dinner with Dr. Francke, the naturalist of the park service, a charming young German with a Sasha Siemel beard.

May 20 - B.A.

We met Dr. Holmberg at the Zoo at noon, and he took us for a drive out into the country. We stopped first at his country place, La Saludo, near San Fernando, an old house built 150 years ago, and, he said, true Argentine style, simple, rambling, stucco, with long verandahs. The view out over the distant Parana was beautiful. An arbor covered with wistaria made us long to see the place in spring- trunks of the vine thicker than a man's arm.

A few miles farther we came to Casa de los Granados, the country estate of Natalio Botana, the publisher of La Critica. We drove in first to a house called Karavan, where one of his sons lives, and had a brief look at the pheasantry before we were summoned to lunch. The house was huge, with beamed ceilings of dark, hand-hewn ironwood. Around a big circular table, which had a plate glass top over the beautiful Spanish lace, twelve of us sat down in gigantic chairs, the backs and seats of which were interlaced strips of white tapir skin. Wine glasses were gold-encrusted, and all the china was a Spanish pottery with our host's monogram on it. We ate Chilean lobsters that had been flown across the Andes by plane; pheasant pie, which was proudly shown to the guests before the pie was opened. Cooked in earthenware covered dishes, the tops had been decorated with pheasants heads and tail feathers. Baby lamb with vegetables followed, then fruit and coffee. Different wines, all French, were served with every course, ending with champagne.

Batano's son and daughter, with their husband and wife, were present, as were Newberry of El Mundo, the governor of Entre Rios, the head of the Argentine Air Force, a singer, a poet, a retired college president with a long grey beard, and a number of newspaper men - most of them apparently having just dropped in unannounced because it was a week-end. Some ate in the living room and some in the breakfast room.

After lunch we went on a tour of the place, admiring the Spanish tile designs on the outside of the house, the tiled patio with its little pool where the small grandson goes paddling, the huge outdoor swimming pool, with a cast iron

frog for a hydrant to fill the pool, a log cabin playhouse built entirely of ironwood, and put together with no nails (nails cannot be driven into this hard and heavy wood - it sinks in water). The pheasantry is the finest we have ever seen, each little yard well planted, with running water and a neat little house for the bird built of brick and whitewashed. He has 32 different species, and 2000 birds altogether. He is raising Impeyan, Bell's, (30 young from one pair), Edward's, Cheer, and other rarities, and has made several interesting cross breeds.

As a souvenir of the day we were given ponchos to bring home with us - at least I got a very fine, closely woven, black one with colored stripes, and Bill got a heavy Indian rug, in vivid red and green.

Newberry came home with us, and we all had dinner together at the hotel.

May 21 - B.A.

I went to Mass at the Cathedral, and found that there was a special celebration going on in honor of Blessed M. Josefa Rossello - whoever she was. Evidently a nun belonging to an order that is well known here, for the huge church was packed with nuns and convent girls, in addition to the customary large Sunday crowd. The Cardinal was there, and the music was good - three violins and a boys' choir in addition to the organ.

Bill and Tom Davis went to the market, and the three of us had lunch together at the hotel. After we took Tom home Bill and I went to the Natural Science Museum, a magnificent new building, not yet entirely completed. Two exhibition halls are open to the public, and we saw the zoology and ethnology, and found them interesting.

In the evening we took Edwardo Holmberg to Un Rincon de Mendoza, famous for Criolla food, where we dined off delicious roast kid, or "chicken of goat" as Holmberg explained it in his ludicrous English.

May 22 - B. A.

Bill and I went out to the Zoo in the morning, where Dr. Holmberg told us with pride that the Texas wolves had had three cubs.

After lunch we went animal shopping with the Shippens, and Bill bought turtles from a man at 533 Medrano, and frogs from the same man in his shop at 250 Florida. The frogs are Ceratophrys, brilliantly mottled brown and green, known here as Esquerza.

May 23 - B.A.

We awoke this morning to find the first rain that we have seen falling lazily over B.A. As we had been invited to an asado at the Zoo we rather expected a telephone call during the morning to tell us that the picnic had been called off. Failing to hear from Dr. Holmberg, we went out to the Zoo at one o'clock, and eventually the other guests, and even our host, showed up. Both Botana's sons were present, the one called Beans whom we met the other day, and another one who speaks very good English, having been to the school of journalism at the University of Missouri.

The asado was prepared outdoors, in spite of the rain! Back of the restaurant is a vine-covered arbor, and there a huge fire, or rather a series of fires were glowing, each one surrounded by carcasses. The first course was chinchilines (braided intestines of cow) and other delicacies, such as kidneys and thyroid glands, with sausages. Then came a whole roast kid, then a haunch of beef, then half a lamb, then several roast chickens. bread and butter and lettuce salad, coffee and fruit completed the meal; certainly the Argentines are great meat eaters. This really was delicious, however, for the various meats, being roasted on spits over a charcoal fire, had a wonderful flavor.

We had asked Dr. and Mrs. Henry to have dinner with us. We unfortunately had little appetite, but we all went over to Maxim's and enjoyed the evening.

May 24 - B.A.

Bill went shopping for birds with Dr. Saporiti of the Zoo, a young man who knows the value of animals. Bill came back very much cheered, having found lots of flamingoes, black-necked swans and other things he wanted, at reasonable prices. Saporiti had lunch with us at the hotel.

In the evening Dr. Henry took us to the Farmyard Bar on Tucuman, a typically German place, with a loud brass band and a small dance floor. We had good beefsteak, and the band was pleased to play any selection we asked for, notably "Trink Trink" and "Denn muss du in Rhineland geboren sein." Later we went to the Joust-Hotel, where we fell in with a crowd of Irishmen - two of them being delegates to the Postal Congress, one of them a famous doctor in B.A. Bill said to the man who came from Dublin that the Dublin Museum was the worst labeled in the world, and the man took it as a personal insult, and branched forth into a long explanation of how poor Ireland was, how much more interested in the present than in the past, etc. - all because we had been interested in the exhibit last summer and wanted to know more about it.

After all the German music we asked for some Irish airs from the orchestra, which was very obliging. Then I suggested that they play "The Sidealks of New York." They didn't seem to know it, and Bill hummed it for them - whereupon they broke out into "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true."

May 25 - B.A.

This is one of the great holidays of the Argentine - celebrating 110 years of independence. San Martin being the hero of most of South America, a Te Deum Mass was sung at the cathedral where San Martin is buried. We couldn't get in, but we walked down as near the Plazo de Mayo as we could get, and saw the guard of honor, the cadets, and the mounted guard. The mounted guard, with their beautifully matched horses, and their splendid uniforms of navy and red, were most picturesque, and as they sat at attention, with swords drawn, for over an hour, gave evidence of being well-disciplined. The town is very gay with blue and white banners floating everywhere.

May 26 - B.A.

Dr. Gray left us today as he is sailing home on the Argentina. The policemen also got off. We intended to go down to see the ship sail, but as we were catching a train at seven-ten, and the ship sailed at eight, it was not practicable. Dr. John left me a parting present of a gaucho belt of cowhide with the hair on, fastened with a handsome silver buckle - very good-looking, and I am thrilled to have it.

We were having a final drink with the Shippens before we all went to the station, and Bill S. pulled out a small yellow envelope, and proudly showed a single yellow slip of paper, saying "That is all it takes - for Patagonia." We had two slips of paper, and promptly became very much upset. Somebody - either Bill S. or the American Express - had lost one of the Shippens' tickets. Bill did some frantic last minute telephoning, and we had a wild dash for the train, where poor Bill S. had to buy another ticket, hoping that he would be able eventually to get a refund. As we are guests of the Argentine government, it seems unlikely that we will be able to rectify this. If one loses a pass, and has to pay one's way, there is little chance of getting one's money back.

We had dinner on the train, and a rough night's ride. Evidently the engineer had a grudge against somebody onboard, for never have I been so badly jolted. Every time the train stopped or started, I expected my better half to be thrown out of his upper berth, and consequently slept not at all.

May 27 - En route Patagonia.

When we awoke, we were well south of Bahia Blanca. As we traveled all day, turning westward as well as south, we saw the endless plains of Buenos Aires Province, stretching flatly to the horizon. Toward noon we came into the real desert country, which, inconsistently enough, was mostly under water, due to the heavy recent rains. Sand dunes were wet, roads were under water, and the desert vegetation was mirrored in mud puddles.

The vegetation was strangely reminiscent of that in our own southwest, although I suppose it is all classified quite differently by the botanists. There was pale, dry bunch grass, twisted dwarfed trees that looked like greasewood, a shrub that resembled mesquite. One plant grows in a rounded, bright brown hummock, and is called guanaco plant. Near Patagonas there is a vast salt lake. Patagonas is on the edge of the Rio Negro and the border of Patagonia.

Last night on the train Bill insisted on picking up the most formidable uniformed gentleman that any of us had seen. The Shippens warned him against doing so, and Mr. Newbery, who is traveling with us, said he would get the snub of his life.

"Leave him alone," said I, out of twelve years of experience. "They'll probably be bosom friends, we'll exchange Christmas cards for years, and doubtless he'll even get us some ostriches."

The man, a big mustachioed Argentine, turned out to be not a general, but a police inspector, and sure enough he knew someone in Patagonas who had some ostriches. When we reached the town, he and Bill parted, with hearty handclasps, only after the officer had sent a telegraph to his friend, and assured us that the ostriches (really rheas) would be there for us on the return journey.

We crossed the Rio Negro about five o'clock, a small stream here, and bordered with a sort of willow that had turned bright russet for autumn. We saw a tame ostrich in somebody's chiquen yard, and hoped that it might eventually come into our collection.

May 28 - Bariloche

The train was cold when we awoke. The coffee in the comidor was so vile I switched to tea, and Newbery recommended drinking cognac with it, saying "You really need cognac in this country."

The foothills of the Andes rose in strange shapes on both sides of the train. There were palisades of rock, and regular basaltic formations, rim rock, and table lands. Everywhere were flocks of sheep, and twice we saw tame guanacos in farmer's backyards. Strutting across the high plains were a large flock of martinetta (the large tinamou) so close that the question-mark crest on their heads was plainly visible from the train window. We saw Andean geese flying in wedge-shaped formation, and once, on a lake, a flock of flamingoes rose and spread their rose-and-black wings against the bright blue sky.

About an hour before we were due to arrive in Bariloche

the dining room stewards became very excited about a hermit who lived in a cave near the railroad track. They made up a newspaper package of bread for him, and one of them, in his anxiety to open the aindow, broke the glass and cut his hand. We all watched eagerly, and presently there was a shout from one of the stewards, and the bread was tossed out the window, but nary a glimpse could we get of holy man or cave. Much more realistic was the wreckage along the track of the train that had been in a collision only a month ago!

This is rich grazing land, and the colors of the grasses were entrancing. Neneo is bright yellow, other grasses were green, or purple, or rich brown. About ten-thirty we caught sight of the first of the snow mountains, and as we came down the divide and approached the blue waters of Lake Nahuel Huapi, we were hemmed in by snow-covered peaks. Here, where the National Park begins, is an abrupt end of the grazing land, and the commencement of the forest. Evergreens, largely cedar, begin as sharply as though an artist had drawn a pencil line down one mountain side and said "Thus far and no farther."

We were pleased, when we stepped off the train at Bariloche, to find the winter sun was strong and fairly warm. The Department of National Parks had a car waiting for us, and after a 20-minute drive, through the muddy streets of the little frontier town, we were deposited at the Parque Hotel, and welcomed by its manager, Eduardo May, a genial Swiss, who, when Bill asked him if he had rooms, said, "Why not? Every room is at your disposal." There was, as it turned out, one other guest, but he was leaving, and from then on we had the place to ourselves. It is a charming little hotel, perched precariously on the shores of the lake, built of grey stone and timber, with wide windows opening on a spectacular view of the blue water and the snowy Andes, and - a minimum of steam heat in each room. It was not long before we all developed a passion for hot rum punches.

In the afternoon our car took us over a lovely road, lying low along the lakeside, to the estancia of the John Jones family. Jones, now 72 and with a game foot, came out to this country from Texas more than fifty years ago. He earned his livelihood at first by driving cattle from Buenos Aires to Chile. Sometimes one trip would take a year. In Chile he met a girl from Iowa, and when they married and settled down he picked this stretch of land as the fairest in all South America. Here they staked out a few miles of a placid valley between the mountain ranges; here they raised seven children, and heaven knows how many sheep. At present they have 16,000, in addition to cattle, horses, and 25 hunting dogs. Mrs. Jones is as chipper and bright and satisfied with the world as only a pioneer woman can be. Frances said, "You really have everything here, haven't you?" and she said, "Yes, I don't know what more a body would want to make them happy."

Old Mr. Jones told some thrilling stories of wild boar hunts in these parts. It seems, that neighbors of his, who have a big place in B.A., brought out some European wild boars, thinking it would be great sport of hunt them with lances here as they do the Indian boar in India. Jones said he could have told them

that it was useless to expect to go after any sort of game with lances in a country as dense as this. "The only way you could get room to lance a boar would be to kill him first, and drag him out in the open." Eventually they discovered the impracticality of their scheme, and turned the wild boars loose. They have been increasing in the forest in great numbers, and do a lot of damage to young lambs. Jones himself loses as many as 300 lambs a year. However, he and his sons go out on horseback, ride the boars down, and shoot them at close range with pistols, and he allows as how that is good sport and worth paying 300 lambs a year for! The boars run as high as 300 pounds apiece, and getting them at close range, dodging their dangerous tusks - dangerous for both man and horse, is a thrilling game.

May 29 - Bariloche

We were supposed to go over to Isla Victoria today, but when we woke, rain was falling, and we supposed the excursion was off. About ten o'clock it cleared, however, and the park superintendent, Mr. Christenson, said it was all right for us to go. Taking a basket lunch that the Mays had prepared, we set out in a launch across the lake, and spent most of the time in open-mouthed admiration of the spectacular cloud effects over the mountain tops.

It was nearly a three-hour run, and when we drew up to the landing we were met by Dr. Francke and his two pet guanacos.

Never have I seen a more picturesque setting for a picturesque character. Isla Victoria is a heavily wooded island in the middle of the lake, about 16 miles long by 6 wide. Here the government wants to establish a game refuge, and they have put Dr. Francke, an enthusiastic young German naturalist, in charge. He has curly red hair and a red beard, wears a monocle, has lived in Argentina for fifteen years, and speaks good English as well as Spanish and German. He was dressed in a wide-brimmed brown felt hat, gaucho trousers, with brown jacket and wool shirt to match, a scarf around his neck, a sash around his waist, and over that a leather belt with a silver buckle and a revolver thrust into it, his flowing trousers were gathered into half-boots. The two guanacos are his pets, having been brought by him from babyhood, and he had not realized until this morning quite how strong they have grown. The guanacos were excited at having so many visitors, and did their best to climb on our backs and to kiss our noses. We, not being used to such greetings, tried to dodge, and Francke had his arms full of long camel-like necks until his assistant came and took the beasts away.

Francke has cleared the forest between his comfortable log house and the lake, so that from the windows one has a spectacular view of the lake and the snow-covered mountains. A big black

Great Dame rose from beside the fireplace and came to greet us, and a little white poodle bounced out, sniffing at our feet. A canary sang from a cage, and under the kitchen stove were a large family of Angora kittens. Beside the window was a grand piano, and while I was thinking how much the man must love music to have managed getting a grand piano out here in the wilderness, he admitted to being a composer. His own drawings, striking, bold wood-cuts and linoleum cuts of gaucho life, adorned the walls, along with a collection of old and native weapons and firearms. He has edited a magazine, and is now writing a book.

For two years he has lived on Isla Victoria, and took us out to see the trails that he has cut through the dense forest. One part of the island is to have a few animals close by the landing, fenced in so that visitors can see them; on the rest of the land deer and pheasants are to roam free. There are four lakes on the island, and in one of them we came across six black-necked swans calmly swimming among the reeds.

The forest is beautiful, with every tree and leaf so unlike any other vegetation that we have ever seen that the effect is that of a stage setting. The largest tree, which has a closely growing small evergreen leaf like boxwood is called coihui (*Noto-phagus dombeyi*). There is another good sized tree with a bark so smooth and white the tree seems to have been peeled clean. Barberries were more like our own species, and the autumn coolness had turned them brilliant orange. A curious parasitic vine called quintral grows thickly in the forest, strangling the trees it grows on, but producing masses of brilliant, honeysuckle-shaped red blossoms. These bloom all winter, even under coverings of snow, and all winter humming-birds come to them.

After a long walk through the damp and dripping forest we came back to sit by the fire and drink bowls of hot soup. Francke came back with us in the launch, under a sky where black clouds rolled up, threatening us, and drenching the full moon.

May 30 - Bariloche

The Park Service wanted us to see their big swanky hotel at Llao-Llao, and we drove over there in the morning, over a narrow muddy mountain road that showed us at every turn fresh picture-postcard views of incredibly blue water and purple mountains. The hotel, although closed, was really worth seeing. While it is a big, de luxe affair, it has kept a rustic effect, and is panelled throughout in native wood. A beautiful golf course and a pretty little chapel adjoin the hotel. There are 450 rooms each one with bath, and the dining room will seat two thousand people. It's the last word in refrigeration, heat, fire protection. Great glassed-in verandahs show one gorgeous view after another, and the fireplace in the banquet hall is so big that ten tall men could stand in it at the same time.

A guard took us all over the place, but there was nothing to eat in spite of the pantry shelves being still stocked

with canned goods left over from the summer season. At a nearby inn, called the Hostelleria de Caballo Blanco, we were able to lunch heartily off sardines, roast beef and cheese, and then drove home, through a beautiful forest, where red masses of quintral and pale, fresh bunches of Spanish moss festooned the trees.

We all took a walk into the village, about a mile from the Parque Hotel, and bought ourselves berets, or gurras, Argentine style. The muddy streets and the low frame buildings, with more horsemen than chauffeurs on the road, give a real impression of a frontier town.

In the evening the local photographer, Kalbschmidt, brought over his movies of ski-ing in the nearby mountains, and we all wished we could see this country under snow.

May 31 - Bariloche

It was cold when we awoke, and had been raining. There was fresh snow on the mountains. We went into town again, as much for the walk as anything, and came back through a hailstorm that bit for a few minutes.

We drove over to the Newberrys in the afternoon, a good road that gave us a series of beautiful views over the pale grass, the yellow neneo clumps, the blue water and the purple hills beyond. There were many birds to be seen, and we saw ~~in~~ a hawk, an eagle and a caracara actually sitting side by side on a fence rail.

The Estancia Newbery consists of 40,000 acres, on which graze 15,000 sheep. Mrs. Newbery now runs the place alone, as her children have grown up and left the ranch to seek their fortunes in the city. She has a tremendous amount of vitality and spunk, and took a great deal of pleasure in showing us around the house, which is the oldest one in that part of the world, a simple but comfortable block house. Her husband, George Newbery, who died in 1935, was an artist as well as a dentist and rancher, and she gave each of us one of his water colors. Ours is a view of Trafull, a nearby mountain which he painted repeatedly. He, together with a son and a grandson, are buried on the place, and simple granite crosses carved out of local stone, mark the three graves which lie at the foot of a great outcropping of rock. The simplicity of the last resting place of the man who loved Patagonia so much, is very touching.

We had a grand tea, with hot buttered scones, pound cake, home made jam and cherry brandy, and then went fishing with Jim Newbery and Sam Wagner. Sam is another local character, and another Texan, who has been here more than thirty years but has not lost his Texan drawl. In the winter he works as a mechanic; in the summer he is guide to fishing and camping parties. He knew just where he could get a trout, although it is really out of season, and we drove over narrow trails to the banks of a rushing stream that was part of the Newbery property. Sam made two casts and

We had asked at the Parque if there were not some place near Bariloche where we could lunch. Mr. May said "no - only places where the workers eat." "Why couldn't we eat there?" asked Bill. "Oh they wouldn't have anything except beefsteak & potatoes."

on the second brought in a beautiful big speckled trout. Bill S. then wanted to try his luck, and Sam gave him a lesson in casting, shouting "Macanudo! Muy bien!" as Bill got more expert and succeeded in throwing the spoon out to the middle of the river.

In the evening Frances and I went for a moonlight walk, taking deep gulps of the clear cold air, and marveling at the moonlight on the mountain tops. As Frances said, the snow-caps gleamed like radium.

June 1 - Bariloche

We packed in the morning, had a brisk walk before lunch, and then gorged on the delicious farewell luncheon that the Mays had prepared for us. The train left at 2.30, and we all (including Newbery) were aboard about two. The train was cold, and we warmed ourselves with brandy, and at night took hot-water bottles which were merely pop bottles filled with hot water, to bed with us.

June 2 - En route

All day long on the train, the high spot being a glimpse of two wild rheas running like made across the pampas, their long necks stretched skyward.

As we approached Patagonas, in the afternoon, we were all wondering if Bill's police inspector would have lived up to his promise to provide us with ostriches. Sure enough, when we got off at the station platform, there were two good-sized rheas in a big crate, and they were duly stowed away in the baggage wagon. Bill is delighted, as he thinks they are the rare Patagonian species.

June 3 - B.A.

The comparative warmth of B.A. felt very good to us as we landed back in town again about 10.30 in the morning. We went once more to the Continental, and got our other clothes out of storage.

Guy

Bill picked up Major and Mrs. /Paget in the hotel lobby, and we spent most of the day with them. They had just arrived from England, and were wondering what to do with the day and a half they were to spend in B.A. Major Paget is a n officer in the Scots Guards, and a grand guy; his wife is very charming, and we fell in love with both of them. We took them to La Cabana for lunch, where we had the most superlative beefsteaks, and to Maxim's in the evening for dinner.

At Maxim's Bill, as usual, asked the orchestra to play

"Trink, trink, Bruderlein Trink". Then the Pagets asked for the Blue Danube. The Shippens, who were dining at another table, came over and joined us after dinner, and Bill S. thought that it was about time some American airs were requested, and sent up a special request for some southern melodies. After going through a lot of music, the orchestra finally smiled cheerfully at us and struck up "Marching through Georgia," which made no hit at all with our Georgian periodists!

June 4 - B. A.

at
I went ~~at~~ ten o'clock to the Cathedral, and heard the Cardinal sing Solemn High Mass - very impressive. Then Major Paget, Bill and I went to the Zoo for an hour. Coming back to the hotel we picked up Mrs. Paget, and all went to the Plaza Grill for lunch, stuffing ourselves almost insensible on Chilean lobster thermidor and puchero.

The afternoon Bill spent in sleeping, and I in typing. We had dinner fairly early with the Pagets (who sailed at nine) and the Henrys. Later the Henrys went with us to Alt Wien Cafe, where we drank beer till nearly midnight.

June 5 - B. A.

Bill being occupied with official business, Frances and I prowled around town, having lunch at Harrod's and doing a bit of shopping. We found the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and went in to see it, having heard of its beauty. It is exquisitely proportioned, and has a gorgeous wide white altar.

Mr. and Mrs. Antelo, Mr. Copley and Dr. Saporiti had dinner with us at the Continental.

June 6, B. A.

Bill spent the day buzzing around to various bird stores and superintending the packing of the animals we are to have from the zoo. In the evening, at six o'clock, he conducted a seminar in Spanish for the zoology students at the University.

We took the Henrys and the Davises to La Cabana for dinner, and gorged ourselves on beefsteak and roast kid.

June 7 - B. A.

Bill still making speeches, - this time to the A. A. U. W. at lunch. It was curious to see how thoroughly an American Club woman keeps ~~her~~ to her type, even when she is thousands of miles from home. This meeting might so easily have been at the A.A.U.W. clubhouse in Washington, or any other North American city! Bill spoke well, and had them laughing most of the time.

I walked over to the Nenrys after lunch, had the doctor look over my teeth, and then spent the afternoon with Mrs. Henry; we went for a long walk, prowling among antique shops of the Avenida 25 de Mayo, and ending up at the Ideal for a delicious tea.

The Newberrys came in to see us at the hotel, she very pretty but not speaking English. At 8.30 we went out to the Davises for a farewell dinner. The Dawsons, who are to be on the same ship with us, were also there, and the Tucks (he is Charge d'Affaires). It was, as always, a notable dinner, the piece de resistance this evening being suckling pig.

June 8 - B. A.

The Feast of Corpus Christi - and hence another holiday for the Argentines.

We had lunch with Cinaghi and Grether at La Cabana. They brought their wives along, and we liked them, especially Mrs. Grether, who speaks quite good English. Dr. Marelli was also with us, and when he shook hands with me at parting he practically crushed my paw in his enormous one. (Note: It is still sore one month later).

Dr. Henry took me in the afternoon to Benediction and to see the procession in the Plaza de Mayo. It was most impressive to see the huge crowds (Dr. H. estimated them at half a million), kneeling in the streets, or standing to sing the Tantum Ergo.

In the evening Dr. and Mrs. Holmberg took the Davises and ourselves to Cafe Espagnole for dinner, and later to see Mistinguett. I had wondered, when dinner is always so late, when if ever, people went to the theatre. I found out tonight. About eleven o'clock we reached the theatre, ~~paid~~ Holmberg paid 20 pesos (about \$5.00) apiece for seats, and we watched a rather indifferent vaudeville show for an hour and a half. The star of the show was Mistinguett, and it was fun to see her. Holmberg says she is seventy years old, but although her face is pretty haggard, she is amazingly supple, and dances and sings with plenty of pep.

June 9 - B. A.

Spent the morning packing. Bill had lunch with us at the hotel, but was somewhere between the zoo, the consulate and the ship all day. About four o'clock he telephoned that he would not be back, so I went down with the Shippens to the pier at 5.30. I had understood the animals were to be loaded at two o'clock, but five truckloads were still backed up on the pier when we got there. There had been some minor hitch in papers or permits, but things were finally smoothed out, and cages began to come over the side soon after we arrived.

The Brazil is so much like the Uruguay that we felt at home at once. Our stateroom is not as pleasant as the one we had coming down, as it has no outside port - just one porthole looking out on the animal quarters on B deck. By sailing time

there were crates and cages piled up so close to the port that I began to realize we were not going to be out of the sight or sound of our charges for a moment.

A huge crowd was down to see the ship off, and all our friends were there too - the Henrys, Browns, Davises, Tucks, Holmbergs, Cinaghis, Grethers, Antelo, Copley, etc. We sailed at eight, and wearily ate dinner and went to bed.

But not to sleep. The night was cold and raw, and we closed our porthole, but even so the calls of various small beasts and birds mingled with the creaking and groaning of the ship. A peculiar rustling in the cabin itself bothered me for some time, and I finally sat up in bed, looked toward the door, and in the eerie light that came in through the ventilators I saw a procession of enormous turtles slowly forming and spreading out to cover the stateroom floor. Tom Davis' turtles, delivered to us at the last moment in a burlap sack, were exploring. They were bigger than dinner plates, long-necked, ~~pinked~~ with pointed noses, and they looked to me at the moment like something out of an Inferno. I woke Bill, who was even more tired than I was, and twice as cross. He protested that the turtles wouldn't do any harm, let 'em walk around till morning, but I had visions of them getting behind trunks and under bureaus, and not being found until they began to smell bad, and finally persuaded him to get up and put them back in the sack, and furthermore to tie the sack with a piece of string.

June 10 - At Sea

The day was cold and rough. Both Bills worked all day straightening out cages, and getting a semblance of order in the menagerie. At night it was too rough to sleep - the rocking motion threw us alternately against the wall, and the outside edge of the bed, and I stayed awake all night just with the effort of keeping in bed. Furniture slid around and crashing noises made us listen for trouble in the animal quarters, but no damage was done except to Bill's brand-new bottle of bay rum, which upset and ran all over the floor.

June 11 - At Sea

Weather still cold and rough. Half the passengers have not yet put in an appearance. The animal quarters are beginning to take shape, and Frances and I were allowed to feed the baby ostriches, the two big ones, the screamers, and the Patagonian caviés.

It is still difficult to get any sleep. This morning I had just dozed off, when at seven o'clock the steward stuck his head in the door to say that a bird was out. Bill trotted out on deck with a large bath towel over his arm, caught one of the screamers and put it back in its cage.

June 12 - Santos

We arrived in Santos at eight o'clock, and it was nice to have a steady ship under us, even if we were too busy to go ashore. Mr. Parsloe came down to meet us, and in the afternoon, when we had fed our stock and got things more or less cleaned up, we went ashore. He took us shopping for feed pans and bird seed, and then took us out to his charming little house, right on the beach, for drinks. His wife is an Argentine, and a very jolly little woman.

Alex Daveron turned up, with a collection of animals that Bill really doesn't want. He had dinner with us on board ship, and told us great tales of his adventures in Matto Grosso, in particular of a tribe of bearded, almost white, Indians, who speak silently to each other, depending more on lip-reading than on actual sound.

June 13c- Santos

We worked all morning with the animals, Frances and I beginning to be very fond of the young ostriches, whose appetites and curiosity and friendliness are all on a par. The Parsloes came on board to have lunch with us. John T. Jones, the would-be animal dealer whom Bill had tried to discourage on the way down, appeared with six capybaras, and Bill took one pair off his hands.

We sailed at six-thirty without having gone ashore all day. From the ship we could hear firecrackers going off all over town, and learned that it was because today is the feast of St. Anthony. The lovely lights of the city were all a-twinkle when we started down the bay, and the city was crowned with the lights of the Casino on Mont Serrat, high above the town. The building as outlined at night, is a square box, with no apparent ~~aim~~ more reality than a cardboard palace. Next door to the Casino is a famous chapel, but that is not illuminated at night.

Daveron joined the ship, and came with us, as far as Rio, being very seasick, for as soon as we were out of the harbor the ship began to pitch quite badly.

June 14 - Rio

We docked early in the morning, but never left the ship all day. Bertha Lutz and Dusky Gillette came on board to see us, but we had too much to do to get off. Also we don't trust our cages, for a screamer got out again in the night, and Bill was wakened at two in the morning to go out and recapture it. Nights are pretty hellish, what with frogs croaking at the foot of my bed, and screamers, nutria and wild dogs making plenty of racket ~~right~~ five feet from the head of my bed. In spite of our efforts at cleaning cages, the animals begin to smell. And last night when I got into bed, I found it full of birdseed that had blown in the open port.

When we are in port there is no breeze to blow away the smell of the animals, and the barnyard odor creeps down corridors, and permeates everything in our stayeroom. Bill has solved the water problem beautifully (he thinks) by attaching a hose to our bathroom faucet, running the hose along our floor and out the porthole onto the animals' deck. It is fine for the animals, but makes just one more inroad on the privacy one usually expects in one's own bedroom.

Daveron brought his collection aboard, or at least all that Bill would take of it - a tapir, opossum, eyra, ducks, curassows and a lizard. The Zoo sent down a tapir, two king vultures and twelve lizards. We didn't want any more stuff, but there was no way out of taking these. We sailed at four-thirty, with a lingering look at the famous harbor which was all we saw of Rio this time. There was still land in sight when the sun went down.

June 15 - At Sea

No news, except that one tapir is not eating very well, and has skinned his nose; neither capybara eats; and a nutria escaped in the night. Bill went out sleepily in his nightshirt caught it, and I heard him say to the sailors "Pardon my evening clothes, boys."

June 16 - At Sea

The nutrias, having found their way out of the cage, keep popping out at intervals. One was out at two this morning, and again at seven.

The passengers, when they are not complaining about the animals, come down to visit them, and feed them, and get in the way of us working men and women, and ask dumb questions. "Is it true llamas spit?" "Well, is it harmful?" (meaning the spit) "Isn't it cute!" "Hear the little birds singing to me!" "Is that a rabbit?" And so on.

June 17 - At Sea

A viscacha got out, also a whole box of frogs. Frogs keep turning up in unlikely places all over the ship now, one having been found on the deck above ours, in the passengers' quarters.

June 18 - At Sea

We crossed the Equator today, but no notice was taken of it. Presumably the South American going north is not as keen on tomfoolery as the North American going south.

However, when we were having our pre-luncheon drink in the smoking room, a bell boy came in and told Bill that a baby rabbit had been born, and was running around the deck. "Rabbit" might mean anything - capybara, cavy, viscacha, or nutria. We went down to see what it was, and found that the sailors had picked up a baby cavy and put it into a box. As we had two pairs of covies, Bill wondered how he was going to tell which were the parents. As he squatted on his heels in front of the cages, he suddenly saw a second baby in one cage, establishing the maternity of the female. He put the first baby in with the second, and we went down to lunch, only hoping that people would leave them alone, and let the mother take care of her babies in peace. An hour later we crossed the Equator, and decided to name one of the babies "Miss Equator" - if she came alive to Washington.

In the night a steward knocked on our door, waking us up.

"If you please, sir," he said, "one of the officers has sent you a message."

"What is it?" says Bill, half asleep.

"There is trouble in the rabbit cage, sir."

"I can't do anything about it in the middle of the night," Bill decided. "I'll have a look-see in the morning."

"Sir," said the steward, "I have given you the message."

In the morning we found that the mother cavy had sat on one of her babies, and that only one of the twins was alive. However, Bill maintained that there was nothing we could do about it, and that the remaining one had a much better chance for life if left with his mother than if taken out and raised on a bottle.

June 22 - Trinidad

We spent a hot, muggy day ashore, having got up at six o'clock in order to care for our charges and be able to leave the ship at ten. We hired a car for the day, and were taken first to the Angostura bitters factory, where great barrels of the aromatic herb are stored in semi-darkness, and where a free bar lures tourists in from the ships. We drove about town, and out to the suburb where most of the Hindus live, calling on one old man who had quite a few animals in his yard. He was also a silversmith, and I bought a little tinkling ring from him. We lunched at the Queen's Park, which has gone Broadway on us since we were last here, and were disappointed to find the atmosphere so altered, and the food so poor. We had especially wanted "pastelles" - a native dish, of meat rolled in cornmeal and cooked in banana leaves, but the supply ran out before we got any. In the afternoon we visited some of the shops, both Oriental and English, and went back to the ship an hour or more before the sailing hour of six.

June 26 - New York

The days since Trinidad were hot and sticky - until yesterday, when, having packed all our warm clothes we found the night air decidedly cool. Breaking all records for the line, the S.S. Brazil actually docked ahead of time, and we were tied up before eight o'clock.

Fyfe came to meet us, and to take the animals off our hands, but found that we did not have proper credentials for the llamas and guanacos. We spent all morning on the pier, and did not get away until two o'clock, but by that time we had some assurance that the patient beasts we had worked with for so many days were not to be hit in the head and thrown overboard.

We have had unusually good luck with our traveling menagerie. Bill says it is a smaller percentage of loss than he has ever seen before. More than 250 animals are about to go to the zoo, and not more than a half dozen - and those small, delicate birds or frogs - died on the way up. Oh, yes, there was one large loss, and that was Jones' capybara, which was buried at sea two nights ago. And some of the snakes in the big crate from Butantan were evidently dead when they came on board, for they very soon began to smell, and one by one were pitched over the side. On the whole, however, we had remarkable luck. Holmberg had told us of so many things, such as oven birds and black necked swans and the speckled perdis, that they did not live well in captivity, and that if Bill wanted to get home with any at all he had better collect large groups of them. Of 24 perdis that left B.A., 24 go into the Zoo tomorrow, and that is a good record!